O, and you will haue me liue, play hearts ease,
Fidler Why hearts ease?
Peter. O Musitions, because my hart it selfe plaies, my hart is full of woe.
O play me some merry dumpe to comfort me.
Minstrels. Not a dump we, tis no time to play now.
Pet. You will not then?
Min. No.
Pet. I will then giue it you soundly.
Min. What will you giue vs?
Pet. No money on my faith, but the gleeke.
I will giue you the Minstrell.
Min. Then will I giue you the seruing creature.
Pet. Then will I say the seruing creatures dagger on your pate. I will carrie no Crochets, ile Re you, ile Fa you doe you note me?
Min. And you Re vs, and Fa vs, you note vs,
2. *M.* Pray you put vp your dagger, and put out your wit.
Peter. Then haue at you with my wit.
I will drie-beate you with an yron wit, & put vp my yron dagger.
Answere me like men:
When griping griefes the hart doth wound, then musique, with her siluer sound.
Why siluer sound, why musicke with her siluer sound, what say you Simon Catling?
Min. Mary sir, because siluer hath a sweet sound.
Pet Pratee, what say you Hugh Rebick?
2. *M.* I say siluer sound, because Musitions sound for siluer.
Pet. Pratee to, what say you Iames sound post?
3. *M.* Faith I know not what to say.
Pet. O I cry you mercy, you are the Singer.
I will say for you; it is Musicke with her siluer sound,
Because Musitions haue no Gold for sounding:
Then Musicke with her siluer sound with speedy helpe doth lend redresse,

Exit. *Min.*

Min. What a pestilent knaue is this same!
M. 2. Hang him Iacke, come weele in and Mourners, and stay dinner.

Enter Romeo.

Ro. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleepe,
My dreames presage some ioyfull newes at hand:
My bosomes Lord, sits lightly in his throne:
And all this day an vnaccustomd spirit,
Lifts me aboue the ground with cheerefull thoughts.
I dreampt my Lady came and found me dead,
Strange dreame that giues a dead man leaue to think,
And breathd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reuiude and was an Emperor.
Ah me, how sweet is loue it selfe possest,
When but loues shadowes are so rich in ioy.

Enter Romeos *man* Baltha

Newes from *Verona*, how now *Balthazar*
Dost thou not bring me Letters from the Friar?
How doth my Lady, is my father well?
How doth my Lady *Iuliet*? that I aske again,
For nothing can be ill, if shee be well.
Man. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill,
Her body sleepes in *Capels* monument,
And her immortall part with Angels liues.
I saw her laid low in her kindreds vault,
And presently tooke poste to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill newes,
Since you did leaue it for my office Sir.
Ro. Is it euen so? then I denie you starres.
Thou knowest my lodging, get me inke and paper,
And hire post horses, I will hence to night.
Man. I doe beseech you sir, haue patience.
Your lookes are pale and wild, and doe import
Some misaduenture.
Ro. Tush thou art deceiu'd,
Leaue me, and doe the thing I bid thee doe.

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